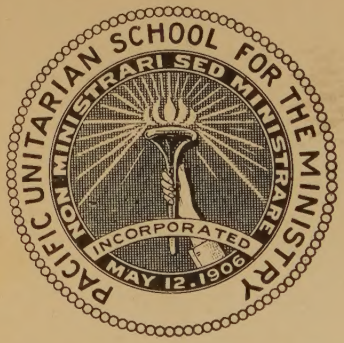
COMFORTINGS

JUDSON FISHER



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

Comfortings

A Book of Selections

By
Judson Fisher

On bravely through the sunshine and the showers!
Time hath his work to do and we have ours.

Emerson

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Introduction.

THE sentiments that are gathered and set in order in these pages reveal the mind and heart of our friend, Rev. Judson Fisher, as he was brought face to face with the problems of God—of life and duty, of death and immortality.

Though the theme seems limited to the great event of mortal sorrow and separation, yet it gathers to itself far-reaching thoughts. In the hands of this modest, but rare man, it becomes the center of hopes, aspirations and convictions, which are appropriate to all seasons and to the varied emergencies of human experience.

It is believed that such selections as these, short, tender and devout, voicing the profoundest emotions of the soul—are of permanent and increasing value; and when gradually collected through a long and earnest life, by one whose taste was so cultivated, and whose nature was so alive to the reality and value of the spiritual life, as in the present instance, we confidently commend them

to any and all who are seeking help in the things of the spirit—who are reaching out for light in the darkness and relief in their affliction, who are needing the comfort of God, and long for the peace that passeth understanding.

While the passages were chosen more especially for use on public occasions, we are sure they will be found equally well adapted to the private chamber and to moments of solitude.

JOHN C. LEARNED.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Preface.

THIS little book grew out of the personal need of the compiler for words of tenderness and sympathy when called to minister to the bereaved. It consists of precious fragments carefully gathered from various sources, and was intended for his use alone. Since he can use it no longer, friends have expressed the desire that it should be published, in order that others may avail themselves of its appropriate selections, prayers and aspirations. In accordance with this wish, it has been prepared, and is now offered to those who need its words of faith and trust.

It is dedicated to those dear friends in the West with whom my husband ever considered it his highest privilege to be a fellow-worker.

L. B. F.

Contents.

		PAGE
Fear of Death		9
Death a Transition		17
Death a Release		27
The Dead Still Live in Their Works		39
Tributes		49
Death of Children		61
Death of the Aged		71
The Future Life		83
Faith and Trust		103
Life in this World		117
For the Dead		131
Bible Readings		137
At the Grave		155
Prayers		167
Appendix—A Memorial Sketch	J. Ll. J.	183

The Fear of Death.

Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.

EMERSON.

The Fear of Death.

WHY shrink from death? Come when he will
or may,
The night he brings will bring the risen day.
His call, his touch, I neither seek nor shun;
His power is ended when his work is done.
My shield of Faith no cloud of Death can dim;
Death cannot conquer me. I conquer him.

S. C. HALL.

TO fear death is nothing else than to appear to be wise without being so; for it is to appear to know what one does not know. For no one knows but that death is the greatest of all good to man. But men fear it, as if they knew that it is the greatest of evils.

SOCRATES.

NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,

Hesperus with the hosts of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

J. BLANCO WHITE.

IT is impossible that we think rightly when we suppose that death is an evil. SOCRATES.

TO die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

GARTH.

WHY fear the night? Why shrink from death,
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in heaven, or earth beneath,
Save God and man.

MEN are disturbed not by things, but by the views they take of things. Thus death is nothing terrible, else it would have appeared so to Socrates; but the terror consists in our notion of death—that it is terrible. EPICTETUS.

THIS earth is the nurse of all we know,
This earth is the mother of all we feel,
And the coming of death is a dreadful blow
To a brain unencompassed by nerves of steel,
When all that we know, and feel and see,
Shall pass, like an unreal mystery. SHELLEY.

Why should we
Anticipate our sorrows? 'Tis like those
That die for fear of death. SIR J. DENHAM.

THE ship may sink, and I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave in the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I, though falls the sky,
And the shrinking earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom can ever consume
What never was meant nor made to burn.

Let go the breath. There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss nor harm;
Not of the clod is the life of God:
Let it mount as it will from form to form.
CHAS. G. AMES.

IT is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind. DEAN SWIFT.

IT is as natural to die as to be born, and to the little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. LORD BACON.

I HAVE often thought of death, and I find it the least of all evils. IDEM.

DEATH cannot be an evil, for it is universal. SCHILLER.

NO man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor, timorous, faithless souls that we are, how we shall smile at our vain alarms when the worst has happened. To us here, death is the most terrible word we know. But when we have tasted its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what health is to the sick man. It will be what home is to the exile. It will be what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it, a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's great morning lighting up the sky. Our fears are the terrors of children in the night. The night, with its terrors, its darkness, its feverish dreams, is passing away; and when we awake, it will be into the sunlight of God.

THERE is nothing that nature has made necessary which is more easy than death. Why should we be in fear of anything so long, that is over so soon? It is not death itself that is dreadful, but the fear of it that goes before it. SENECA.

MEN die, and are forgotten. The great work
Goes on the same. Among the myriads
Of men that live, or have lived, or shall live,
What is a single life, or thine or mine,
That we should think all nature would stand still
If we are gone? We must make room for others.
LONGFELLOW.

Death a Transition to Life.

The best proof of a heaven to come is its dawning within us now. EMERSON.

Death a Transition to Life.

THERE is no death! what seems so is
transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

LONGFELLOW.

TO thee it is not so much as the lifting of a latch —only a step into the open air out of a tent already luminous with a light that shines through its transparent walls.

UPWARD steals the life of man
As the sunshine from the wall,
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

LONGFELLOW.

THE grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief
darkness. LONGFELLOW.

TELL the fainting soul in the weary form,
There's a world of the purest bliss,
That is linked as that soul and form are linked
By a covered bridge, with this.

Yet to reach that realm on the farther shore,
We must pass through a transient gloom,
And must walk unseen, unhelped and alone,
Through that covered bridge, the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms;
For the universal toll
Is the outer garb which the hand of God
Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim, and the bridge is dark,
And the river it spans is wide,
Yet faith points on to a shining mount
That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet in the next day's march
To climb that golden ridge,
We must each lie down for one night's rest,
Inside of the covered bridge.

——— DANIEL MANN, M.D.

ALTHOUGH death ever seems to be feasting upon life, yet the opposite is equally true, and well has led a poet to say:

"Life evermore is fed by death,
In earth and sea and sky;
And, that a rose may breathe its breath,
Something must die.

Earth is a sepulchre of flowers,
Whose vitalizing mould
Through boundless transmutation towers
In green and gold.

I DON'T believe in death;
If hour by hour I die,
'Tis hour by hour to gain
A better life thereby.

WHAT is it to die, if it is not to live forever? Those millions of worlds above which call us by their radiant symphony, bear me witness. And beyond those millions of worlds, what is there? The infinite, always the infinite. If I pronounce the name of God, I bring a smile to the lips of some of you who do not believe in God. Why do they not believe in God? Because they believe only in the vital forces of nature. But what is nature? Without God 't is but a grain of sand. This is like looking at the small side of things because the great side dazzles us too much. But I believe in the great side. What is the earth? A cradle and a tomb. And even as the cradle had its beginnings so the tomb has its dawning for the dead; it is a door closed indeed to the world, but opening upon the worlds of which we may now obtain only a far-distant glimpse. Believe if you

will that I shall be buried to-morrow or in ten years to come—I feel within me the assurance that the tomb will not hold me prisoner;—I feel that your six feet of earth will not be able to make night where I am lying;—your earth worms may devour all that is perishable in my frame, but that something which is the life of my brain—the life of my eyes, the life of my ears, my forehead and my lips, can be destroyed by no power on earth.

VICTOR HUGO.

'TIS midnight. From the dark-blue sky
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And give to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this altered ball
May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread;
To me, to me, there comes no night.

THE HIGHER BIRTH.

FAREWELL, farewell, thou fostering earth.
The gift of life I now resign;
The spirit waits a higher birth;
My useless dust I now resign.

I drop my chrysalis of clay;
On new-fledged wings I take my flight;
Up to the brilliant source of day
I rise from death's dark night.

WILLIAM PARSONS LUNT.

THUS ever, towards man's height of nobleness
Striving some new progression to contrive;
Till, just as any other friend's we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less
How beautiful it is to be alive.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

A MAN is not completely born until he has passed through death. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

WHEN from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals say a man is dead,
But angels shout, a child is born.

WESLEY.

IN this round world of many circles within circles, do we make a weary journey from the high grades to the low to find at last they lie close together, that the two extremes touch, and that our journey's end is but our starting place!

DEATH OUTWARD, NOT ACTUAL.

AND ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirit tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—THERE ARE NO DEAD.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalation of the land and sea.

THE withered leaf is not dead and lost. There are forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order, else how could it rot? Despise not the rag from which paper is made, or the litter from which the earth makes corn. CARLYLE.

MAN never dies. The soul inhabits the body for a time, and leaves it again. The soul is myself; the body is only my dwelling-place. Birth

is not birth; there is a soul already existent when the body comes to it. Death is not death; the soul merely departs, and the body falls.

BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES.

THE day which we fear as our last, is but the birth-day of eternity. . . That which we call death is but a pause, or suspension, and in truth a progress to life. SENECA.

DEATH does not differ at all from life.

THALES, 640 B. C.

DEAD! dead! I cannot make it seem
That she we loved has gone away;
It is the phantasm of a dream.
She sleeps to wake another day.
How hard it is to understand
The weird significance of death—
The marble lip and icy hand,
The utter absence of the breath.
Ah, could we start in form like this
The stilled machinery of life
By subtle power of touch or kiss!
But no! she should be spared the strife.
Dear friend I knew and loved so well,
I see you not. I look at this
Poor, empty and discarded shell
That held your soul in chrysalis.

Here in the land whose gentle touch
Mine seems to feel upon it yet,
I lay one little flower. 'Tis such
As tells you I will not forget.
I bend and kiss the hidden eyes,
Sweet eyes, and dear, you cannot know
What sunlight faded from our skies
In your eclipse. We loved you so!
Dear lips, through which the soul went out
To the eternity of God,
Past loss and sorrow, pain and doubt,
To venture in the paths untrod,—
Oh, lips whose music I shall miss,
Take now one last, long kiss from me,
And she will somewhere know that this
Was given the soul I cannot see.

Death a Release.

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed round
our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest. MRS. BROWNING.

Death a Release.

BLESSED are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works do follow them. BOOK OF REVELATIONS.

HOW dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release.

LONGFELLOW.

AND sweet seemed death—
The ceasing of this painful breath,
The laying down this life of care,
The breathing of a purer air. TRENCH.

O GLORIOUS day, when I shall remove from this confused crowd to join the divine assembly of souls. CATO.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours. THOMAS HOOD.

HER sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise. T. B. ALDRICH.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death. She was past all help or need of it. We will not wake her.

CHARLES DICKENS.

GOD giveth quietness at last!
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and lingerings fond
To fuller life and love beyond.

O silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love;
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
Dear ones familiar with the place!
While to the gentle greetings there
We answer here with murmured prayer.

O pure soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er;
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the dear voice we loved so well.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FOR her we know
The gain is infinite as God.
But we who heap the earth and sod
Upon the grave that awes us so,
Will find the long hours full of loss,
And all our trivial tasks will seem
Like something happening in a dream;
She wears the crown, we bear the cross,
Yet could we wish her back again?
The soul that turned toward the light
And sunshine of the infinite
As flowers toward the window pane?

BEAUTIFUL rest!
Tired traveler, sleep
On the earth's green breast
In silence deep.
Pale flowers with thee
Their leaflets close;
Heaven gently bends
O'er thy repose.

Wake, spirit, wake!
The morn is near;
Loftily rise
Toward thine high sphere.
Flesh cannot bind
The free-born soul:
Life, endless life,
Hath made thee whole.

SET FREE.

WHAT lieth here? It seemeth she
Who lately walked and talked with me;
But when I speak no answering word
Is given to tell me mine were heard.
Her loving lips could not resist
The prayer I uttered when I kissed
These hidden eyes and icy cheek;
She whom I loved would hear and speak—
For always when I spoke her name
Her eyes would kindle into flame,
As sunshine lights a shadowed lea,
And all the world would seem to me
More bright, because her rosy mouth
Broke into smiling, as a flower
Breaks into bloom, and makes the hour
A fragment of the south.

No. 'Tis not she that lieth here.
I touch the hand that used to thrill
With love's swift fire. O, cold and chill!
I bend and call by the deaf ear,
And all my soul is in the cry,
But words of mine no more can reach
Her heart and stir it into speech.
This is not she, though I am I.
The change has come to her which makes
What once was mine a mystery;
A shell cast upward from the sea,

That vast eternal sea, that breaks
Against the new world; and the soul
That tenanted this shell we see
Has gone from you and me.

I wonder if the soul set free
From this imprisoning shape of clay
Comes back to look at it to-day,
Remembering what it used to be?
The freed soul spreads exultant wings,
Soars sunward, seaward, here and there,
Flits like a shining mote in air,
And spurns earth's low and groveling things.
But hither from the ends of earth
I think it comes again to see
This shape, and say "this once was me,
And now alas! so little worth
Was me, and yet not me, for I,
The I that thought and felt before,
Am like a bird whose prison door
Swings wide and lets the prisoner fly
To heaven's blue gateway, while it sings
In utter joy of uncaged wings."

E. E. REXFORD.

ASLEEP.

SLEEP sweetly, tender heart, in peace;
Sleep, noble spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet;
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

TENNYSON.

BEFORE SLEEP.

SLEEP is a death. Oh, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed.

Howe'er I rest, Great God, let me
Awake again at least with Thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Secure or to awake or die.

These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again;
Oh, come that hour when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake forever.

DR. THOMAS BROWNE.

A REST.

LOOK upon him now.
As a weary child he lies,
With the quiet dreamless eyes,
O'er which the lashes darkly sweep,
And on his lips the quiet smile—
The soul's adieu to earthly strife,
And on his face the deep repose
We never saw in life.
Peaceful be his rest, and deep;
Let him sleep.

Oh! it is well the strife is o'er,
That thus so peacefully he lies,
Unheeding now the bitter words,
The cold unpitying eyes—
Fold his mantle o'er his breast—
Peaceful be his sleep and blest;
Let him rest.

Lay him gently to his rest;
Peaceful be his sleep, and blest.
No sigh to breathe above his bier,
No tear to stain the marble brow.
Only with tender pitying love,
Only with faith that looks above,
We gaze upon him now.
The heavy cross at last laid down,
The crown of glory won.
No thought of toil and suffering past,
But joy to think the task is done.

Oh, bear him gently to his rest;
Oh, gently heap the flowery sod,
And leave his body to the dust,
His spirit to his God.

HE has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.
He lives, he wakes; 'tis death is dead, not he.

SHELLEY ON KEATS.

The Dead Still Live in Their Works.

The world goes on, and happiest he
Who in such wise wins immortality,
That should he sleep forever in the grave,
His work goes on and helps the world to save.

J. W. C.

The Dead Still Live in their Works.

NO power can die that ever wrought for truth;
Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name.
Therefore I cannot think thee wholly gone;
The better part of thee is with us still;
Thy soul its hampering clay aside hath thrown,
And only freer wrestles with the Ill.

LOWELL ON CHANNING.

CAN that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing mould.

LANDON.

PLODDING a weary way before untried,
It chanced I came upon a group of men
Busy about their work with eager ken.
I spoke to them of one who late had died,
Knowing that he along this country-side
Had toiled with such as these o'er hill and fen;
Asked, Had they known my friend? O gladness, when

Man after man with tender voice replied,
And spoke his praise; told of his earnest will,
The love which they had borne him deep
and true,
The generous passion of his noble skill,
Still doing well whate'er was his to do.
Again afoot, I said, Pray God that I
May be so heard from when I come to die.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

OUR dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them. GEORGE ELIOT.

THEY can be injured by us; they can be wounded; they know all our penitence, all our aching sense that their place is empty; all the kisses we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence. IDEM.

GREAT souls can never die:
Death and decay's damp fingers
Waste but the mortal.
A nobler life spreads its far vista wide,
Beyond death's portal;
Like an unfading light
The life-work lingers.
The hero never dies, statesman and soldier fall,
The nation finds new life,

And prosperous years and wealth and peace,
And hearts at rest and grander aims,
And righteousness,
And souls that dare to be
Just as God made them, free;
And he who falls crushed in the bitter strife
Lives magnified, exalted—ever lives;
His work bears fruit immortal.

O, MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end in self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster uses.

So live in heaven
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child.

Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,
Our Father's will
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel:
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly,
What He has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
As in heaven.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE DEAD STILL LIVE IN OTHERS.

THE most beautiful metempsychosis is when we see ourselves entering into others.

GOETHE.

IF the child of few years, the infant of few months, have no other immortality, it has a very dear and blessed one in the heavenly heart of its mother, an immortality of light ineffable, to

which comes no shadow, or imperfection—an immortality that deepens in grace and glory as long as her consciousness endures.

TO live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

CAMPBELL.

AN aged physician, who was counted an atheist, being asked, on the death of his son, whether he believed him still to be living, replied, "Yes, in *me;* in my heart he lives; and as long as I have thought and feeling, he will have thought and feeling in me."

THE DEAD LIVE IN THOSE WHO LOVED THEM.

EPITAPH.

THEY do believe me dead—I who still shed
Delight on all the world, living in thousand souls,
In breasts of lovers true. No death controls,
Taking one soul alone. I am not dead.

Here fate has willed me ere my time to sleep;
I am not dead, though changed my dwelling be;
While thou dost look and weep, I rest alone in thee,
Since lovers each the other's image keep.

MICHEL ANGELO.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near, in woe and weal;
O, loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;—

Known and unknown, human, divine.
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine.

TENNYSON.

THE DEAD STILL LIVE IN THOSE LEFT BEHIND.

BUT is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

THOSE we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of love and death,
Are laid upon their graves,
From death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love, and can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortal read.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

Tributes.

Honor to those whose words and deeds
Have help'd us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raised us from what is low.

LONGFELLOW.

Tributes.

THE memorial of virtue is immortal,
Because it is known with God and with man,
When it is present mankind take example of it,
And when it is gone they desire it.
It weareth a crown, and triumpheth forever;
Having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.
Yea, blessed is the memory of the just.
Their bodies are buried in peace,
But their name liveth forevermore.
The people will tell of their wisdom,
And the congregation will show forth their praise.

THE BOOK OF WISDOM, APOCRYPHA.

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again. That is the meaning
Of the familiar words that men repeat
At parting in the street.
Ah yes, till then! but when death intervening
Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain
We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting as we feel it, who must stay
Lamenting day by day.

And knowing when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one beloved face.

It were a double grief if the departed,
Being released from earth, should still retain
A sense of earthly pain;
It were a double grief if the true-hearted,
Who loved us here, should on the farther shore
Remember us no more.

Believing in the midst of our afflictions,
That death is a beginning, not an end,
We cry to them, and send
Farewells, that better might be called predictions,
Being foreshadowings of the future, thrown
Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,
And if by faith, as in old times was said,
Women received their dead
Raised up to life, then only for a season
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain
Until we meet again.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is between life and death. . . . . I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him.

CHARLES LAMB.

GRANDLY he loved and lived,
Not his own age alone
Bears the proud impress of his sovereign mind,
Down the long march of history,
Ages and men shall see
What one great soul can be,
What one great soul can do
To make a nation true;
To raise the weak,
The lost to seek,
To be a ruler and a father too.
No scheming tool,
No slave to godless rule,
Gracious, efficient, meek, sublime, refined.

Ambitious—not of wealth,
Nor power, nor place,
His aim a nobler race,
His title eminent—an honest man;
His to lift up the rude,
His to be great as good,
And good as great;
His to stem error's flood,
His to help and bless,
His to work righteousness,
And save the State.

Brave, self-reliant, wise,
Calm in emergencies,
Steady alike to wait, and prompt to move;
In counsel great and safe,

Prudent to plan,
Righteous to deal with sin,
Prone less to force than win,
Strong in his own stern will, and strong in God.
Conquering, alone to bless—
A loving man.

THE whole world ought to stand still a moment when a noble heart ceases to beat.

AUERBACH.

AND thou hast vanish'd from thine own
To that which looks like rest;
True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun
Of sixty years away,
The light of days when life begun,
The days that seem to-day.

When all my griefs were shared with thee
And all my hopes were thine—
As all thou wert was one with me,
May all thou art be mine!

TENNYSON'S TRIBUTE TO HIS BROTHER.

LET simple words of truth be sung,
For one whose years are ever young;
Whose kindness rules her heart and tongue.

All souls confess her gentle sway;
As in the past, so now to-day,
They follow where she leads the way.

Did shadows ever veil her skies?
New tasks and duties caught her eyes;
Life teemed with richer ministries.

So clouds have melted into light,
And faith is strong and hope is bright,
And blessings crown our friend to-night.

TO A NOBLE WOMAN.

SOUL to its place, dust to its kindred dust!
Such is the law, and we will not complain,
But ever clear of Time's corroding rust,
Thy love we cherish till we meet again.

For through the parting veil we see thee now!
In thy fair clime, with faith's unclouded eye;
See thee with every charm of mind and brow,
Baptized anew with immortality.

And thou art risen, another, yet the same,
Nor have we lost thee in thy heavenly birth;
The woman there who takes the angel's name,
Is still the same that we have loved on earth.

TRIBUTE TO BAYARD TAYLOR

ON the ruins of the past,
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend, but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells,

And to-day they toll for thee
Lying dead beyond the sea—

Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks.

WHITTIER.

THOU art not in the grave confined,
Death cannot claim the immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust.
Thee, O my sister, 'tis not thee
Beneath the coffin lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone—
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still. CHAS. SPRAGUE.

THE rest that earth denied is thine,—
Ah, is it rest? we ask,
Or traced by knowledge more divine,
Some larger, nobler task?

DR. HOLMES' TRIBUTE TO DR. HOWE.

I WILL not say, "God's ordinance
Of death is blown in every wind,"
For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.

Words weaker than your grief would make
Grief more. 'Twere better I should cease,
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace:
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

TENNYSON.

HIS life was gentle, and the elements were
So mixed in him, that nature might
Stand up and say to all the world
This is a man. SHAKSPEARE.

AND deeds of week-day holiness
Fell from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE AGED GRANDMOTHER.

OH, softly waves the silver hair
From off that aged brow!
That crown of glory worn so long,
A fitting crown is now.

That life-work, stretching o'er long years,
A varied web has been;
With silver strands, by sorrow wrought,
And sunny gleams between.

Each silver hair, each wrinkle there,
Records some good deed done:
Some flower she cast along the way,
Some spark from love's bright sun.

How bright she always made her home:
It seemed as if the floor
Was always flecked with spots of sun,
And barred with brightness o'er.

The very falling of her step
Made music as she went;
A loving song was on her lip,
The song of full content.

And now in later years, her word
Has been a blessed thing
In many a home, where glad she saw
Her children's children spring.

Oh, gently fold the weary hands,
That toiled so long and well;
The spirit rose to angel bands,
When off earth's mantel fell.

ANON.

HIS daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good;
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know his worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us
on earth.

Death of Children.

From out of the mystery cometh to earth
A new child of God through the gateway of birth.
Out into the mystery there beyond breath
Goes a new child of God through the gateway of death.

M. J. S.

Death of Children.

AND they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them.

OH, it is hard to take the lesson that such deaths will teach us, but let no man reject it. For it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty and universal truth. When death strikes down the innocent and the young, for every fragile form from which he lets the parting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.

DICKENS.

THERE is nothing beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, a youth well taught, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and will play its part, though its body be burned to ashes, or drowned in the depths of the sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. DICKENS.

I AM all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the faggots' crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear.
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door at the hall;
My mother came out to meet her son;
She kissed me and then she sighed;
And her hand fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,

When the flowers are all decayed;
I shall miss his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hopes of our soul shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in the blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our life shall be
The little boy that died. DR. CHALMERS.

FULL short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
And wandered hither; so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God.

FOR neither life nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever them, that they should go
From His great Love.

"OF such is the kingdom of heaven." The spirit that wings its way in innocence from the earth encounters its trials no more. It dwells forever in the serenity that God appoints for such as die pure as they were born. The pure has gone back to the pure. . . . . You know not what is best for you—no, nor for me; but the Father for us all.

THEODORE PARKER.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod, low lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
Eyes that weep,
Forms that to the cold grave over
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved, in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love.

JAS. T. FIELDS.

A FLOW'RET crushed in the bud,
A nameless piece of babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying,
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying.
She did but open an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark, ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.

Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
The economy of heaven is dark,
And wisest clerks have missed the mark.
Why human buds like this should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day; while shrivelled crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears,
In sinners of a hundred years. CHARLES LAMB.

AND David said, While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

"GOD lent him and takes him," you sigh;
Nay, there let me break with your pain
God's generous in giving, say I,
And the thing which He gives, I deny
That He ever can take back again.
He gives what He gives, everywhere.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather—amend,
And finish it up to your dream—
Or keep, as a mother may toys,
Too costly, though given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys
Kept over their heads on a shelf.

MRS. BROWNING.

SOFTLY, peacefully,
Lay her to rest;
Place the turf lightly
On her sweet breast;
Gently, solemnly,
Bend o'er the bed
Where ye have pillowed
Thus sadly her head.

Lay the sod lightly
Over her breast;
Calm be her slumbers,
Peaceful her rest.
Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given
A fair bud to earth
To blossom in heaven.

THOU bright and star-like spirit!
That in my visions wild
I see 'mid heaven's seraphic host—
Oh! canst thou be my child?

My grief is quenched in wonder,
And pride arrests my sighs;
A branch from this unworthy stock
Now blossoms in the skies.

And I, thy earthly teacher,
Would blush thy powers to see.
Thou art to me a parent now,
And I a child to thee. THOMAS WARD.

ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade.
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there. COLERIDGE.

Death of the Aged.

It is well now that the aged eyes are closed! It is well that the aged hands are folded! It is well that the fading vesture is laid aside! For our friend is no longer old.

Death of the Aged.

AND I am glad that they have lived thus long,
And glad that they have gone to their reward;
Nor can I deem that nature did them wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
For when their hands grew palsied and their eyes
Dark with the mists of age, it was their time to die.

BRYANT (*changed.*)

LIFE! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "good morning."

MRS. BARBAULD.

A LIFE of truth, a heart from guile as free
In manhood and in age as infancy;
A brotherly affection, unconfined
By partial creeds, and open to mankind.
E'en here did heaven, to recompense thee, send
Long life uncensured and a tranquil end.

DEATH AT NINETY.

OF no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
Even wondered at because he dropped no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for four score years;
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life stood still.

DRYDEN.

NOTHING can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.

GROW old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand,
Who saith "A whole I planned;
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all; nor be afraid."

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE evening shadows of age are long and cold, but they all point towards a morning.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

WAIT AND TRUST.

WITH calm and patient trust I wait
The slow and sure approach of fate.
What may betide me where I go
I know not, and I need not know.
I know my Maker kind and just,
This is enough; I calmly trust.

My eyes are dim to things around,
My ears are dull to common sound;
And yet, far-gleaming on my sight,
I think I see a surer light,
And hear harmonious wavelets beat
Prelude of something strangely sweet.

I long a higher life to know;
To better thoughts I fain would grow;
God gave the hope: He must ordain
The hope He gave shall not be vain.
Therefore that higher life must be;
His justice is my guaranty.

I seek no aid from churchly creed,
Life's daily facts supply my need.
That He is just and kind I know;
My life's experience proves it so.
Doubt hath no place. No ill abides
Where He, the just and kind, presides.

Then pass, ye earthly things, away!
Sink, toil-worn frame, to swift decay;

The parting clouds unveil the light,
And clearer vision glads my sight,
Long-waiting soul, be of good cheer,
The end draws nigh, thy hope is near.

DANIEL MANN, M. D. (*aged 74.*)

CHERISHED and revered! fond memory well
On thee with sacred sad delight may dwell!
So pure, so blest thy life, that death alone
Could make more perfect happiness thine own.
He came—thy cup of joy, serenely bright,
Full to the last, still flow'd in cloudless light;
He came—an angel bearing from on high
The all it wanted—Immortality.

GREATNESS and goodness are not means, but ends;
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great, good man? Three treasures—love and light
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath.
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

COLERIDGE.

A NOBLE old age is not the decline of life, but the dawn of immortality.

MADAME DE STAEL.

A JOYOUS FAITH.

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my father-

land. . . . My work is only beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE lengthening shadows of a green old age
Stole peacefully upon him, day by day,
And virtues no one saw gave life's fair page
A freshness which survives the heart's decay:
And so at last, as he had lived, he went
To reap the promise of a life well spent.

'Tis meet that in the evening of his days
He thus should pass from us to his reward;
When the heart falters and the frame decays,
It is not death, but life, that seemeth hard,
And long the spirit sighs beneath the load,
To join the blest in their serene abode.

ROCKWELL.

LESS hard and sharp it is to death to bow
As growing age longs for its needful sleep,
Where true life is, safe from the senses now.

Full ninety times in ocean's deep recess
Of cooling shade, the sun his torch had laid,
Ere peace divine thy weary heart did bless.

Divine thou art! Death of death's power is shorn,
Nor fearest thou life's changes evermore;
I write almost with envy here forlorn.

MICHEL ANGELO *on the Death of his Father.*

THERE is, after all, something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young and beautiful. But when the duties of life have been nobly done, when the sun touches the horizon, when the purple twilight falls upon the present, the past and the future, when memory with dim eyes can scarcely spell the records of the vanished days, then, surrounded by friends, death comes like a strain of music—it is a welcome relief. The day has been long, the road weary, and we gladly stop at the inn. INGERSOLL.

HOW fares it with our liege?
Nay, doubting soul,
Not thus; but grandly raised to noble height
Of strength and power and most divine delight,
At one swift breath made beautiful and whole!
Nor mocked by broken hope or shattered plan,
By some pale ghost of duty left undone,
By haunting moments, wasted one by one,
But crowned with that which best becometh man.

A WHITE-HAIRED man
Pithy of speech, and merry when he would;
A genial optimist, and daily drew
From what he saw, his quaint moralities.

BRYANT.

OLD AGE.

ENOUGH that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Without the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair.

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. WHITTIER.

BEHOLD, fond man,
See here thypictured life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. THOMSON

WHY light upon our evening pour—
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

The Future Life.

Fear not to build thy aerie in the heights
Where golden splendors lay,
And trust thyself unto thine inmost soul
In simple faith alway;
And God will make divinely real
The highest form of thine ideal.

A. P.

The Future Life.

Longings and Desires.

OH, have you not a life within
That asks another life
For its unfolding?
Hast thou not felt thy soul to swell
And press against the limiting earth?
Hast never thirsted for a perfect truth?
Hast never longed to meet with what should fill
Full to its large desire, thy sense of praise?

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

HAVE we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some purer ideal of a nobler life
That once seemed possible?
Did we not hear the flutter of its wings,
And feel it near, and just within our reach?

But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been;
The good, though only thought, has life and breath;
God's life can always be redeemed from death;

And evil in its nature is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away.
The hopes, that lost on some far distance seem,
May be the truer life,
And this the dream.

OF all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished ideal,
And longing molds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will;
With our poor earthward striving,
We quench it that we may be still,
Content with merely living.
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,

Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments that we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons.
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action. J. R. LOWELL.

H, sweet are the scents and songs of spring,
And brave are the summer flowers;
And chill are the autumn winds that bring
The winter's lingering hours.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun sinks into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The hawk sails over the sunny hill;
The brook rolls on in the shade;
But the friends I have lost lie cold and still
Where their stricken forms were laid.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun slides into the sea;
And whether I'm on or under the ground;
The world cares little for me.

O life, why art thou so bright and boon!
O breath, why art thou so sweet!
O friends, how can ye forget so soon
The loved who lie at your feet!
But the world goes round and round,
And the sun drops into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The ways of men are busy and bright;
The eye of woman is kind:
It is sweet for the eyes to behold the light,
But the dying and dead are blind.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun falls into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

But if life awake, and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there forevermore,
Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea!
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me?

J. G. HOLLAND.

IT makes one feel more certain of another life to see how unfinished and unsatisfactory some things are here. C. C. LEIGHTON.

AND still, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive.

Must still believe, for still we hope,
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

WHATEVER crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O, life, not death, for which we pant;
More life and fuller, that we want.

TENNYSON.

Possibilities and Probabilities as Evidence.

WHEN man at length his ideal height hath gained,
So that the heavenly kingdom is attained,
Will there be room for tears and pain,
For dim gray twilights, sobbing wind, and rain,
Mist, wreaths and flying clouds, the thunder's roar,
Or the sea breaking on a lonely shore,

With all the yearnings these things shadow forth?
Is the pathetic minor but for earth,
And will the heavens resound with joy alone,
Though sadness often makes a deeper tone?
Must all of life fall off that cannot show
Some fruit that did to full perfection grow?
The tottering steps, the pause, even the fall,—
Will not eternal life have time for all?
And in the circle of infinity,
Must not all moods of life unfolded lie,
But all complete, the weak within the strong,
And the one verse become a perfect song;
The bud, the blossom, the fruit-laden bough,
Seen by the light of the eternal *now?*
May not all discords to one concord lead,
Whose every missing note would leave a need
Deep, unimagined as a world untrod,—
An infinite harmony whose name is God?

SPECTATOR.

NO one can deny, who is not prejudiced by the low theological view of our nature, that it is capable of greatness of character. In every age there have been men who have forgotten self for the sake of right and truth, and for a noble cause, even though the self-forgetfulness meant death,—men whose glory shines with the serene light of stars in the sky which arches over history. Others, too, have been whose path has lain apart from

fame, the quiet martyrs of self-surrender, who have died to the joys of life for the sake of others' joys, or borne, in the eloquent silence of resignation, bitter pain and grief. And has all that perished for them? Has the noble effort and the faithful life been in vain for those who lived it? Are they only to live in our memory and love, but they themselves "to be blown about the desert dust or sealed within the iron hills?" It revolts all our moral feeling, if we believe in a moral God. Either there is no God, whose children we are, or the denial of immortality is absurd. There is nothing between atheism and immortality.

——— STOPFORD BROOKE.

IT must be so! Plato, thou reasonest well.
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence the secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man. ADDISON.

NATURE has her periodic deaths; but the laws of life are stronger than the laws of death, and to every grave of winter comes the spring which is Nature's resurrection. W. J. POTTER.

THIS great green worm will have its wings,
And, by-and-by,
This ugliest of crawling things
Will flash and fly
Beyond the flowers and water-springs,
And seek the sky.

This bird, featherless and bare,
That shivers here,
And lives, because of parent care,
In cold and fear,
Shall presently, upon the air,
Go far and near.

Why shall not I shake off at last
This crawling shell,
Which binds my best endeavors fast
And bars my cell,
And, to the heaven of ages vast,
Cry, "It is well"?

Shall God repress the nobler thing
From loftier ways?
Shall God refuse the freer wing
In endless days?
Shall not this callow creature sing
At length his praise?

A Necessity of Our Natures.

GOETHE saw clearly that the hope of immortality is a necessity of our nature. In his "Conversation with Eckerman," he says: "The belief in Immortality corresponds with the wants of man's nature. To me the eternal existence of the soul is proved from my idea of activity. If I work on incessantly until my death I am confident that Nature will give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit. And who will not work and act indefatigably to the end of his days when he finds therein the pledge of an eternal life?"

THAT there is an unseen world, an ideal world, a world of possibilities, cannot be questioned by thoughtful minds. Who can doubt of it save such as are perfectly satisfied with themselves, who ask for nothing more than they have, aspire to nothing more than they are?

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

I THINK all sound minds rest on certain preliminary conviction, namely, that if it be best that conscious personal life shall continue, it will continue; if not best, then it will not; and if we saw the whole, should of course see that it was better so. EMERSON.

THE poet of In Memoriam sums it all up in these lines which go to the root of the question:

"Thou will not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why.
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him! Thou art just."

FOR life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveler stands;
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
A train for home.

PEOPLE sometimes talk of the extravagance of expecting a future life. I frankly confess that in a universe like this nothing in the way of expectation seems extravagant. In a universe that has done so much, that has manifested so much, there is nothing that is not rational to hope for. As Thomas Paine remarked many years ago, there is nothing more wonderful about a life to come than there is about the fact that we are alive now. There is nothing that we may not trust that an infinite universe will unfold and reveal.

M. J. SAVAGE.

STILL seems it strange that thou shouldst live forever?
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more.

YOUNG.

SEEING that all that the longest life and most vigorous intellect can give him power to discover serves only to place him on the bare frontier of knowledge and afford a distant glimpse of boundless realms beyond, is it wonderful that a being thus constituted should first encourage a hope, and by degrees acknowledge, an assurance that his intellectual existence will not terminate with the dissolution of his corporeal frame, but rather in a future state of being, disencumbered of a thousand obstructions, endowed with acuter senses and higher faculties, he shall drink deep at that fountain of benificent Wisdom, of which the slight taste obtained on earth has given him so keen a relish?

Sir JOHN HERSCHEL.

IT is because I believe that the ends of justice and an ideal society of the good are the ends of the Universe, that I believe in immortality.

W. M. SALTER.

OUR dissatisfaction with any other solution is the blazing evidence of our immortality.

EMERSON.

ASKED from this world's standpoint if there is no life beyond the grave, if there is no immortality, if all spiritual calculation is to end here, why, then the mighty work of God is all to end in nothingness. But if this is a state of infancy, only the education for eternity, in which the soul is to gain its wisdom and experience for higher work, then to ask why such a mind is taken from us is just as absurd as to question why the tree of the forest has its first training in the nursery garden. This is but the nursery ground, from whence we are to be transplanted into the great forest of God's eternal universe. F. W. ROBERTSON.

OH sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.

The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;

The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer;
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt,
A great compassion clasps about,

And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.

Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;

With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands,
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The one true Life its own renew.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Meeting of Friends.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirit of the dead,
When all of thee that time can wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eye the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joins us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with thy harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last—
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine and larger light
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all and renderest good for ill.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same thoughtful brow and gentle eye.
Lovlier in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AS, when the friends we dearly love
Have gone beyond the sea,
The far-off lands in which they bide
More real get to be:

So when our loved ones once have crossed
Death's lone and silent sea,
And in a country new and strange
Found Immortality,

The heavenly land in which they bide,
Which erst did ever seem
An unsubstantial pageant vast,
A dreamer's idle dream,—

Becomes as solid to my soul
As is the earth I tread,
What time I walk with reverent feet
The city of the dead.

And not so sure am I that whom
The Atlantic's waves divide
Will meet again some happy day,
And linger side by side

As that the day shall surely come
When I with all I love,
Shall meet again, and clasp and kiss,
In that dear land above.

J. W. CHADWICK.

OUR beloved have departed
While we tarry heavy-hearted,
In the dreary, empty house;
They have ended life's brief story,
They have reached the home of glory,
Over death victorious.

On we haste, to home invited,
There with friends to be united
In a surer bond than here;
Meeting soon and met forever;
Glorious hope forsake us never,
For thy glimmering light is dear.

Ah! the way is shining clearer,
As we journey ever nearer
To the everlasting home;
Comrades, who await our landing,
Friends, who round the throne are standing,
We salute you, and we come.

THE fiat of death is inexorable. No appeal for relief from that great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his foot-steps.

Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts.

We do not want to go through the dark valley although its dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with the princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful

drama of Ion, the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they should meet again, to which he responds: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the clear streams that flow forever; of stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory; all are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again Clemanthe."

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

WILT thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned—
Saying, What is excellent
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.

EMERSON.

MY sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,
When from thy eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

ALAS for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!

J. G. WHITTIER.

Faith and Trust.

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness—let it grow.

TENNYSON.

Faith and Trust.

OH, be sure of this:
All things are mercies while we count them so:
And this believing, not keen poverty
Nor wasting years of pain nor slow disease,
Nor death,
Shall ever drift our bark of Faith ashore,
Whose steadfast anchor is securely cast
Within the veil of things unseen,
Which now we know not,
But shall know hereafter.

EMBOSOMED deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand.

ANONYMOUS.

ALL as God wills; who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

J. G. WHITTIER.

MY bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rest a hand
Other than mine. DEAN ALFORD.

MAKE a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving words,
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God shall make the pile complete.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

TENNYSON.

EACH night is followed by its day
Each storm by fairer weather,
While all the works of nature sing
Their psalms of joy together.
Then learn, O heart, their songs of hope!
Cease, soul, thy thankless sorrow;
For though the clouds be dark to-day,
The sun shall shine to-morrow;
Learn well from bird and tree and rill,
The sins of dark resentment,
And know the greatest gift of God
Is faith and sweet contentment.

J. EDGAR JONES.

WHATE'ER God does is fitly done,
And all for wisest reasons;
By best of paths he leads me on,
And at the darkest seasons;
I find his grace in every place,
And conscious of his keeping,
I change to joy my weeping.

Whate'er God does is fitly done.
His cup—shall I refuse it
Because it is a bitter one?
He sees it best—I choose it.
And he at last will make me rest
Where duty has no trials,
And needs no self-denials.

I KNOW there are no errors
In the great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In the grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look earthward,
Whatever is, is best.

FROM transient evil I do trust
That we a final good shall draw;
That in confusion, death and dust,
Are light and law.

WE think heaven will not shut forevermore
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated wanderer should come
Heart-broken, asking just to be at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking in His face, that soul shall live.

We think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any afar off turn them to the light;
That He who loved us into life must be
A Father, infinitely fatherly.
And groping for Him, all shall find their way
From outer dark, through twilight into day.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE flowers that shine about our feet
Slept safe in Winter's keeping,
And woke to-day to fragrant life
More sweetly for their sleeping.

What though we find the changeful sun
His weary charge forsaking,
We 'll lay us down in hopeful rest,
And dream of brighter waking.

LIFE is a riddle hard to read—
Finding no answer we think of God.
All the wheels of the universe
Faithfully follow his guiding rod.

F. L. GARDNER.

IN the brief space that lies 'twixt morn and eve,
Some tree of life may bloom, some hopes may grow,
Some clear persuasion that the bliss we leave,
Is but a gleam of that to which we go.

E. D. R. BIANCIARDI.

YE dead leaves, dropping soft and slow,
Ye mosses green and lichens fair,
Go to your graves, as I will go;
For God is also there.

M. MULOCH

A MARVEL seems the universe,
A miracle our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
The one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be also thine,
Else I shall surely stray.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It still will be the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not;
It leads me to thy rest!

ONE adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only; an assumed belief
That the procession of our fate howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

WORDSWORTH.

WITH patient heart thy course of duty run,
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst only see
The end of all he does, as well as he.

WHEN then at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In Infinite Progression.

THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

YE are not bound. The soul of things is sweet,
The heart of being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will; that which was good
Doth pass to better—best.

Before beginning and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine, which moves to good;
Only its laws endure.

This is its touch upon the blossomed rose;
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus leaves;
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds
The robe of Spring it weaves.

That is its painting on the glorious clouds,
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train;
It hath its stations in the stars; its slaves
In lightning, wind, and rain.

Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man;
Out of dull shells the pheasant's pencilled neck;
Ever at toil, it brings to lovliness
All ancient wrath and wreck.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE GOOD GOD OVER ALL.

A LITTLE child, beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day;
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child,
That looked to Heaven, then, singing, smiled;

And saw not, for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who, also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she, but few sad days before,
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul,
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the past,
The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree,
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved—his bride unwed;
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And left the lover to his woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet and strong,
Which that child the live-long day
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover with a start,
Conned it over in his heart.

And though the child—if child it were
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it the music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know;
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warn them and console them too:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

CHARLES MACKAY.

WE GAIN BY LOSING.

"Love, lost or won, is countless gain."

BUT looking backward through his tears,
With vision of maturer scope,
How often our dead joy appears
The platform of some better hope!

And, let us own, the sharpest smart
Which human patience may endure,
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified, and pure.

Learn by a mortal yearning, to ascend,
Seeking some higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream opposed to love!

COVENTRY PATMORE.

I HOLD it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON.

ALAS! By some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

LORD LYTTELTON.

IT singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,'
However we may call.

They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.

They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

J. W. CHADWICK.

SOUL to its place, dust to its kindred dust!
Such is the law and we will not complain;
But ever clear of Time's corroding rust,
Thy love we cherish till we meet again.

For through the parting veil we see thee now!
In thy fair clime, with faith's unclouded eye,
See thee with every charm of mind and brow
Baptized anew in immortality.

And thou art risen, another, and yet the same,
Nor have we lost thee in thy heavenly birth;
The friend now there who takes the angel's name,
Is still the friend that we have loved on earth.

Life in This World.

We are part and parcel of all that has been, of all that IS, *of all that shall be. The past has served us; the present serves us; and the future is for us also. The Eternal is ours.*

Life in This World.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial:
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.

FESTUS.

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

HOLLAND.

LET me but think I am helping to make this world more habitable for future generations, and the thought will inspire me in life and sustain my spirit when my last hour draws near.

IF I promote human welfare in this life as far as I have the opportunity or discernment of it, I shall deserve another life, if there is one and shall have fitted myself for it in the best way, and the only way open to me.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOKE.

IT is not the goal but the course which makes us happy. JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

WHAT help in a comrade's bugle blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need the spurring pæan roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
Nay! nay! if thou hast but a word of cheer
Speak it while I am alive to hear!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

IN the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain: if there be no God and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. F. W. ROBERTSON.

LEAD, kindly Light; amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet. I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

J. H. NEWMAN.

ONE can despair of immortality and not despair of life and its sufficient consolations. The trust in immortality does not appear to me the deepest, the most religious trust. The deepest, the most religious trust is that we shall be immortal if it is best for us to be. I have a friend who says, "I cannot trust in God, unless I can be sure of immortality." I have another friend who says, "I do not want it if He does not think it would be good for me." Which is the more religious?

J. W. CHADWICK.

CORRECT information respecting the kind of body we are to have in another life, even if we could get it, would have but small influence in determining what we shall do with the body we have in this.

PRE-EXISTENCE and post-existence are beyond our ken; let us make the most of existence.

F. E. ABBOT.

WATCHFULNESS is the path of immortality; slothfulness the way of death; the slothful are as if already dead.

I WILL not take a heaven haunted by shrieks
Of far-off misery.

GEORGE ELIOT.

IT matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance—it lasts so short a time. DR. JOHNSON.

I HAD rather die a sinner, than live one.
THEODORE PARKER.

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through;
What should I do?

I do not think I should shrink or falter;
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which harkens ever; "Lord, within Thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe, but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie

All night long, and when the morning splendor
Flashed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say
It is His day.

But if instead a hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
No fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step by step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide Thee
Or heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God; no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies

To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's.
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait
If Thou come late.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

WE live no more of our time than we spend well.

CARLYLE.

A GOOD WISH OF ONE ABOUT TO DIE.

WHY need I seek some burden small to bear
Before I go?
Will not a host of noble souls be here,
God's will to do?
Men of strong hands, unfailing, unafraid?
O anxious soul! What matters my small aid,
Before I go?

I tried to find, beneath earth's shadows grim,
Before I go,
The path of Christ's pure life. The light was dim;
I do not know

If I have found e'en footprints of the way.
I searched with zeal, I can in good sooth say,
Before I go;

I sought through Nature, truth to find; I said,
"Before I go,
If I might help in the good Master's stead,
God's thought to show;"
But I was weak; oft times I missed the way.
Men need a stouter guide; for that I pray,
Before I go.

Would I might sing the world some song of cheer
Before I go!
But still the chords ring false—some jar of fear,
Some jangling woe!
The saddest is I cannot weave one chord
To float into their hearts my last warm word,
Before I go.

I would be satisfied if I might tell
Before I go,
That one warm word—how I have loved them well;
Ah, loved them so!
And would have done for them some little good;
Have sought it long—still seek if but I could,
Before I go.

'Tis a child's longing on the beach at play:
"Before I go,"
He begs the beckoning mother, "let me stay
One shell to throw."

"Nay, night comes on; the great sea climbs the shore."
"Oh, let me toss one little pebble more
Before I go!"

This span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams;
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems,
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

Sir AUBREY DE VERE.

Living to Finish One's Work.

RICHARD Henry Green, the historian, had a strong desire to complete his "Conquest of England" before he died. "I have work to do that I know is good," he said, when he heard that he had only a few days to live; "I will try to win but one week more to write some part of it down." As death drew near, he said for the last time: "Now I am weary; I can work no more."

I NEVER could under any circumstances feel the slightest dread of death as such. In all my illness I have ever had the most intense desire to be released from life, unchecked by any save one wish, namely, to be able to finish my work.

COLERIDGE.

ALMOST the last conscious words of the historian, Buckle, were, "My book! My book!" Thus he died as he lived, nobly, careless of himself, and thinking only of the thing which he had undertaken to do. J. A. FROUDE.

SAID the aged Thomas Carlyle just before his death: "Go on and work with all your will; uproot error; . . . . . as for me—ah, I cannot work much more, and that of all grieves me before going."

THOSE who make earnest and diligent use of the present time, are not apt to be troubled with idle fears for their future.

WE are not anxious about living, but about living well. SOCRATES.

SO live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that halts
One night only in the vale of death,
Then strikes its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt march onward to the eternal hills
With step unwearied and with strength renewed,
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight.

ANONYMOUS.

SO live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

TRIBUTE TO A GOOD MAN DEPARTED.

IF there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

THE noble house of Nature which we inhabit has temporary uses, and we can afford to leave it one day, as great conquerors have burned their ships when once landed on the wished-for shore.

EMERSON.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the tasks by God assigned me,
For the bright hours left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn the story,
Who 've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;

To profit by affliction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me.
And awaits my spirit, too;
For wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

DR. BANGS AND WIFE.

For the Dead.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit
with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than
hands and feet.

TENNYSON.

For the Dead.

PRAY for the dead! No voice can say,
That they have lost the need of prayer;
And heaven is so far away
That earth is unremembered there.

The golden links that bound our love
Were moulded by the hand of God;
And prayer drew up the chain above,
And fastened it to his abode.

And prayer shall keep our love secure,
And bind us still with sacred ties,
And future intercourse insure
Among the heavenly harmonies.

The Spirit's life is large and fair,
Nor limited by human creed;
And none shall fix a bound for prayer,
Except the common bound of need.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

HOW can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day;
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Will He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him, who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere, still, there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear
Poor humble words of blessing will I pray.
O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In His great universe thou art to-day.

THEY passed away from sight and hand,
A slow, successive train:
To memory's heart a gathered band,
Our lost ones come again.

Their spirits up to God we gave,
With eyes as wet as dim,
Confiding in His power to save;
For all do live to Him.

Beyond all we can know or think,
Beyond the earth and sky,
Beyond time's lone and dreaded brink,
Their deathless dwellings lie.

Dear thoughts that once our union made,
Death does not disallow:
We prayed for them while here they stayed,
And what shall hinder now?

Our Father, give them perfect day,
And portions with the blest;
Oh pity, if they went astray,
And pardon for the best!

As they may need, still deign to bring
The helpings of Thy grace,
The shadow of Thy guardian wing,
The shinings of Thy face.

For all their sorrows here below
Be boundless joy and peace;
For all their love a heavenly glow
That nevermore shall cease.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

THOU, before whom we would ofttimes make mention in our prayer of those who are dear to us, and of all for whom our heart moves us to ask Thy help and blessing; as thus we pray for Thy children who are living with us here on earth, so we would also remember before Thee those who have been taken from our mortal sight, and have passed through the valley of the shadow of death into the world that lies beyond. We commend

them to Thy fatherly care, even to that divine providence which surrounded their earthly way. Thou wilt grant to those who sought Thee here, the blessed vision of Thy brighter presence, and to those who obeyed Thee in humility and love, the call to a higher service. Thou canst renew the strength that failed on earth; Thou canst restore the purity that was soiled, and give light to the mind that was blinded, and change the heart that was turned from Thee. Oh, continue Thou Thy mercies and loving-kindnesses to those whom here Thou couldst never forsake. And may we, in all our present work and striving, in our gladness or sorrow, in all the deepest experiences of our life here below, be kept in a true fellowship of spirit with the departed, and be sustained by the joyful expectation of meeting again, and of being joined with them in still closer and dearer bonds of love and holy service. Amen.

Bible Readings.

And everywhere the Spirit walks
The garden of the heart, and talks
With man, as under Eden's trees,
In all his varied languages.

WHITTIER.

Bible Readings.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

Thou turnest men to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

FOR thou knowest our frame; thou rememberest that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them,

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

THE voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.

WHEREFORE, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

FOR which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

While we look not at the things which are seen: but at the things which are not seen: for the things

which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal.

THE Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He reviveth my soul;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness,
For his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies.
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

ONE thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock.

LET not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions.

FOR we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven;

If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.

For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

MAN cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down. He fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not.

In the midst of life we are in death.

There is but one step between me and death.

Men dwell in houses of clay whose foundation is in the dust.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.

For what is your life? A vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.

The grass withereth; the flower fadeth; but

The word of our God endureth forever.

AND I heard a voice out of heaven saying: The tabernacle of God is with men; he shall dwell with them; they shall be his people; God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

With thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain;

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond

tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit return unto God who gave it.

RESURRECTION.

NOW that the dead are raised, even Moses shewed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.

For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto him.

But some will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain;

But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body.

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy, and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written. Death is swallowed up in victory.

For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven.

Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy: at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

CHASTENING.

MY SON, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him:

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?

But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye not sons.

Furthermore, we have had fathers of the flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence:

shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of Spirits and live?

For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness.

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.

TEMPTATION—HOPE OF DELIVERANCE.

THERE hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above what ye are able; but will with the temptation make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope;

Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.

And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the spirit, even we ourselves, groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to-wit, the redemption of our body.

For we are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?

But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.

In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him.

Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us before the world began.

But is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.

Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us,

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in

the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

Who shall separate us from the love of God? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords;

Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see; to whom be honor and power everlasting.

EXHORTATION.

SEEING we are compassed about with such a cloud of witnesses let us run with patience the race set before us.

Whatsoever things are true, and whatsoever things are honest; whatsoever things are just, and whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, if there is any virtue or any praise think of these things.

BEATITUDES.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law;

That thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that

they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

COME unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

BEHOLD what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this his hope purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness and speaketh the truth in his heart.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

FOR we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know only in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

FOR A CHILD.

AND David said, While the child was alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live?

But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

Through the tender mercy of our God the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

And they brought young children unto him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and said unto them,

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

And said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

At the Grave.

O, Grave, where is thy victory?

At the Grave.

I.

WHEN shall the dust return unto the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.

TAKE this, O Death, and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own;
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee this, and this alone.

LONGFELLOW.

IN committing these remains to the earth, well may we give God thanks for the good example of those, who, having pursued their course with diligence, and finished it with joy, have laid down the burden of the flesh, and entered into their rest.

May their mantle continue in the midst of us, and may we so live that our own labors shall be held in grateful remembrance when the places which now know us shall know us no more.

THE Lord bless us and keep us: The Lord make his face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us: The Lord lift the light of his countenance upon us, and give us peace.

II.

IT is written "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."

WE reverently commit this body to the ground whence it came: earth to earth—ashes to ashes—and dust to its kindred dust; yet in the hope of that great change which is the resurrection of life, wherein the corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal shall put on immortality.

WITHIN the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

Whittier.

PRAYER.

BLESSED be thy name, O Lord, for the assurance of eternal life; for the faith that when the night of the grave is past, a glorious morning will come, when thou shalt wipe away all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain. Let this immortal hope sustain us in our bereavement. May we embrace thy promises, and be thankful; may we know that thou art God, and be still.

Grant us that we sorrow not as those who have no hope, but as those who are parted for only a season from the beloved, and who look for reunion in a better and brighter and more perfect life to come.

May the peace of God, which passeth understanding, and the comfort of the Holy Spirit, be in your hearts always. Amen.

III.

SOME of the great religious ideas which are held to be of Christian origin are yet of remote antiquity. It gives a wonderful sense of the longevity of human faith, to find our ancestors before the Hebrew psalmists and prophets were born, using a service like this at the burial of their dead:

"Open thy arms, O earth! Receive the dead
With gentle pressure and with loving welcome!
Embrace him tenderly, e'en as a mother
Folds her soft vestments round the child she loves!
. . . . . And do thou, O mighty God,
Intrust him to thy guards to bring him to thee,
And grant him health and happiness eternal."

IN the Rig-Veda is a hymn still used at Hindu funeral services, in which are the following stanzas:

"Approach thou now the lap of earth, thy mother,
The wide extending earth, the ever-kindly;
A maiden soft as wool to him who comes with gifts,
She shall protect thee from destruction's bosom.
Open thyself, O Earth, and press not heavily!
Be easy of access and of approach to him;
As a mother with her robe, her child,
So do thou cover him, O Earth!"

PEACEFUL be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

LORD most merciful, prepare us for the upward journey, and bring us at last into that higher life in which darkness and death shall be unknown and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Amen.

IV.

WHEN shall the dust return to the earth as it was.

ALL that is brought hither is of the earth, earthy; yet even the body in its silence and dust, may claim our peculiar respect as having been the tabernacle of a spirit that shall never die. It is not superstition, but religion, which subdues us into the stillness of awe in the presence of

death and impels us reverently to regard the insensible form, not because of what it is, but of what it *was*. It is hence that this grave becomes sacred, and this burial place is invested with the solemnity of holy ground.

Yet "not here, but risen," is to be our thought. "The spirit shall return to God who gave it." And "when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." So hence,

"From transient evil let us trust
That we a final good shall draw;
That in confusion, death and dust,
Are light and law."

BENEDICTION.

MAY the peace of God, which passeth understanding, and the comfort of the Holy Spirit, be in all our hearts evermore. Amen.

V.

A BRAHMAN BURIAL SERVICE.

O EARTH! to thee we commend our brother Of thee he was formed, by thee he was sustained, and unto thee he now returns.

O Fire! thou hadst a claim on our brother dur-

ing life. He subsisted by thy influence in nature; to thee we commit his body, thou emblem of purity; may his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence!

O Air! while the breath of life continued, our brother respired by thee; his last breath is now departed, to thee we yield him.

O Water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother; thou wert one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed: receive thy share of him who has now taken his everlasting flight.

Conway's Anthology.

At the Grave of a Child.

THIS hallowed spot where rest the forms of those once and ever dear, admonishes us how all—the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, are alike subject to the call and the power of death. In all this, Nature has her purposes; the Father of all his perfect end to accomplish. Tenderly and submissively we consign the mortal form of this dear child to its rest, and go away again to the work and duties of life—to our places in the world and our service to the living.

NO bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being, seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed one,
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine
Adorned with Nature's brightest wreath;
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe;
And oft upon the midnight air
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

MAY the peace of God which passeth understanding comfort all our sorrows and abide in all our homes and hearts forevermore. Amen.

THEY who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The large and noble faith in all that is and is to be, tells us that death even at its worst is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy.

There is for them this consolation: The dead

do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours.

We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: Help for the living, hope for the dead. R. G. I.

Prayers.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

SHAKSPEARE.

Prayers.

BY J. F.

O THOU who art infinite in thy power, thy wisdom and thy love: may we be enabled to acquit ourselves as becomes thy servants in the warfare of life, to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint, and to pass from glory to glory till we are transfigured at last into the perfect image of thy spirit. Then when thou hast finished thy work with us on earth, when the clods of the valley are sweet to our weary frame, may our soul go home to thee, and so may we spend eternity in the progressive welfare which thou appointest for thy children. And here on earth may the gleams of that glory come upon us, strengthening our heart when it is weak within us, that so day by day we may grow to higher heights, and to a nobler service in thy kingdom here, that this earthly life may be one with the life eternal. Amen.

ALTERED FROM THEODORE PARKER.

O THOU whose life is our life, whose strength is our strength, day by day may we pass from the glory of a good beginning to the glory of a

noble end, and when we have well served thee with these mortal bodies, may we lay them in the dust, and clothed with immortality, rise upward and evermore to thee. Amen.

FATHER of our spirits: who art unto these frail bodies the breath of life: we rejoice to think of thee as having a purpose in the existence of this outer tabernacle, and also in its appointed dissolution. We rejoice that as from thee we came, to thee we return when the period of our dwelling in the flesh has ended. We rejoice to go back to thee who art perfect —who art unchanging light—who art our eternal life.

May we find comfort in the good hope prompted and inspired by our natures, that "if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And as we lay away to rest this now worn out and lifeless form, may we treasure the memory and good name of its departed occupant, who has dwelt in this tabernacle to honor it, to use it for a rational service of the world, to enjoy it as the temple of thy spirit.

We thank thee that he has lived, and been of us and among us, to bless his kindred and to bless humanity by his industry, his thought, his living example. We thank thee that having lived and

lived well, he still belongs to the "choir invisible" of those who have made the world better by their presence in it. We thank thee that he still lives in his work, that being dead he yet speaketh.

May we hear him. May we take into our hearts the lesson of his life, to profit by all the good he has done for us and for mankind. May we feel our obligation to be better, and more efficient by reason of the good that we recall as belonging to him.

Bless these his kindred in the flesh. Direct their minds to those high themes which are sustenance in need and mitigation for life's sorrows. In honoring his memory and his remains, may they take counsel of thy truth, and find thy grace sufficient for them.

Prepare us day by day for the duties of each day. Fit us more and more for life in this world. So wilt thou prepare us also for departure, and for entrance upon such life as awaits us on the shores beyond.

In all these, our prayers, may we pray in the exercise of our highest purposes, and in the right use of all our faculties, by the discharge of all our responsibilities, that so our prayer shall not be the prayer of words alone.

And unto thee who art able to do only wisely and well whatever we may ask or think, belongeth all praise and glory evermore. Amen.

WE have no just name by which to call thee who art above all human thoughts, as high as the heavens of infinite space are above and beyond the limits which bound our earthly vision and our human knowledge.

We have often called thee God, and Father, Maker and Provider, but in this we have not known thee except according to our finite faculties and comprehension.

But by so much as thou dost surpass our comprehension, by so much have we reason to rejoice, and to trust our destiny in thy hands.

We rejoice that thou art in all things and everywhere, so that not a sparrow falls to the ground without thy agency, and even the hairs of our head are all numbered.

We rejoice that while by reason of thy ignorance, clouds and darkness seem to be round about thee, yet it must be that thou art light, and that in thee can be no darkness.

We rejoice that while many things seem imperfect here, yet could we see the end of all, as even from the beginning thou dost see it, then would all which is beyond human control appear related to ends that are divinely great and good.

We would worship thee in the thought that nothing is better for us than that thy will be done; nothing better for us than to submit to the course

of Nature, and to pass into thy hands when this life, this earthly course, is ended.

We look on to the future to see thee fulfill more and more a purpose of good, making it true that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

We thank thee for the thought, that "we cannot go where universal love smiles not around, from seeming evil still educing good, and thence better, and better still in infinite progression."

In these days of affliction, may it be ours to rest in hope, to bear with patience, and to go forward unto what remains of labor and awaits us of change, sustained by an unfaltering trust.

And as we commit our dear ones to thy hands when this earthly course is run, may we not forget how great a blessing they have been to us; how it is better for us and the world that they should have come and gone, than if we had not had them here. May it be ours to cherish their memories, to imitate their virtues, to take up the work of their lives and carry it forward, and to take up our own work of life with new diligence and zeal, that so what they have helped the world to gain in righteousness and true prosperity, may be ground of still higher gain and still richer good.

And now, while we forget none of the good things which are behind, may we all look forward to the

things which are before, to the good work of life which remains to be done, to the exercise of our high calling as servants of humanity, to the fulfillment of every duty amid the things seen which are temporal, and thus to wise provision for the things which are not seen and eternal.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. . . . . For thine is the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

O FATHER! Make the light of thy countenance to shine upon these mourners whom this sad affliction hath visited. May they be enabled to see such a portion of thy perfect ways as to rise above their grief to a peaceful contemplation of thy character. May they repose on the bosom of thy infinite love; and have such faith in thee—in the wisdom of thy government, and in the overruling power wherewith thou controlest all events, that they shall be able to say, "thy grace is sufficient for us," and "let thy will be done." Although great (and sudden) calamity hath come upon them and there seems to be an unusual darkness, although fond hopes are cut off and tender ties are roughly severed, yet may they believe that thou knowest all, and that such is thy wisdom, such thy love and power, that thou couldst not allow

such things to be, except it were to work out in the end some great and essential good.

Looking beyond this seeming evil and confusion, may they see that there must be harmony in the workings of thy Providence, and that as not a sparrow falleth to the ground without thy notice, so no child of thine, so no child, no dear friend of theirs, can be stricken down without the concurrence of a divine law that is just, nor without the overruling of a divine power that is loving and kind. Although they may not be able to see the necessary connection and dependence of all events, although no human wisdom is able to fathom and explain the mystery of all our sufferings and trials, yet thou seest all, and thou canst do no wrong. Hence may they cast themselves in faith upon thee, and beholding the light of thy presence in all the good that exists, and by faith seeing thee as the perfect Father, may they rest in the conclusion that even here is no exception to the truth that over all events thou rulest for the sake of those whom thou lovest as thy children.

O Lord! In thy light may they see light; in thy goodness find blessing; and wilt thou lift the light of thy countenance upon them, and give them peace. Amen.

OUR Father who art in heaven: we thank thee for our life, since thou art the light of our life, our refuge from every storm, and our abiding place forever.

We thank thee for life; and why should we not thank thee also for death, so manifestly a part of thy plan, so often a release from pain, so often a sweet sleep and rest to the exhausted frame, and the laying down of burdens after the work on earth has been faithfully done.

We thank thee for the hope of our natures and the faith of our souls which dwell on the possibilities that are fairer than eye hath seen, greater than ear hath heard, and better than hath entered into the heart of man to desire.

We thank thee that in all of us is life that cannot die; and that we are able to gain some glimpses of the law which makes such death as we are subject to a condition of unfolding and divineness.

We cannot forget to thank thee now for the life of the dear friend which we feel is still continued unto us, still living in our lives, in our thoughts, in our memories, and in the world he has done so much to improve and bless.

We cannot think of him without a desire to honor him, or without the impulse to bid him fair and glorious speed towards all that he hoped for and aspired unto in what lies beyond the threshold, where for a season we are parted from him.

We thank thee for the faith that he has gone forward, nor yet has gone from us, nor left us without a blessing bestowed as the word and work of his life that will abide as a continuance of his presence, while we go on to fulfill the work of our appointed time here below.

Having such a treasure of remembrance, such an example of good qualities, such an influence to admonish and help us, may we all be enabled to run with like earnestness and like patience, the race that is set before us: that so we may be welcomed continually into the kingdom of a higher life for mankind, and may hear the voice of thy approval: "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

In the name of thee our Father, in the name of all the good and glorified ones thou hast sent, and for the sake of thy kingdom, for the sake of all thy toiling, suffering, sorrowing children, we give these thanks and ask these blessings. Amen.

WE raise our thoughts to the Father of Life, whose children we are.

We thank thee whose name is "The Good;" who art the "Everlasting Goodness;" that although we cannot fathom the mysteries of life and of death, and must look up to thee through tears and out of the depths of an overwhelming sorrow, we can yet meet death and contemplate death, without fear.

We thank thee for the hopes of our natures which do not yield our loved ones up to extinction, and for the voice of our reason which tells us that the inevitable must be well.

Too blind and weak are we to comprehend all the counsels of thy will, or to say why there must needs be pain as well as pleasure, or why there must needs be the fearful storm as well as the gentle zephyr and the peaceful sunshine, yet we thank thee that thou hast made us too strong to murmur or complain, too strong to doubt that there is justice in the universe, and a right purpose in all the things which are beyond our control.

A cry of our natures goes forth to thee in prayer. And we would pray, first of all, that we may have true prayer. May we have a right spirit in view of all that it is in vain for us to ask or seek, and have faith that what our hearts desire that is beyond reach and not now and here appointed for us, may be confided to thy hands and trusted to thy will.

We feel it right to desire that the memory of the dear friend taken from us may abide in our hearts to be cherished by reason of his worth, his virtue, and his devotion to his kindred, to his friends, and to his duties and calling, whereby he was able to serve these, and fulfill his part towards mankind and the world.

May the infinite Wisdom that rules all events be trusted by these afflicted ones. May this house-

hold, this family circle, to all the members of which he was dear, still be glad to think of him, and find it good to think of him, while they yet are sad to miss him, and do justly mourn his departure.

May all who have known him keep his memory sacred, respect his manly qualities, and desire to live as good lives as it seemed he was aiming and striving to live.

May the lesson of this event be taken to heart by us all. May we come to think more and more wisely concerning the significance and capabilities of life. And well knowing that the time with us may be short, may we be diligent and faithful, and aim in all things to gain a noble height of honor and true usefulness to mankind.

And now be with us, O thou Infinite Goodness, to bless us and keep us, to make thy face to shine upon us, and to give us present comfort and the ever-abiding peace. Amen.

FOR PARENTS.

MOST merciful Father! Wilt thou visit with thy consoling presence these thy afflicted servants. Thou who art thyself more and better than any earthly father or mother; thou who knowest every feeling which thou hast wrought into the parental heart; wilt thou administer the heal-

ing balm of divine truth unto these parents in their present trial. Although this dear child of their love is prematurely cut down and withered, yet may they find that thou art the comforter of the afflicted, and that thy rod and thy staff are still the great blessing of their existence. May they not dwell upon their great loss with vain or unmitigated sadness, but look forward unto possibilities of ultimate gain, and unto the time when by reason of more extended knowledge of thy purposes and more ample experience of thy grace, all the sorrows of the past shall be counted as precious pearls. And may that world of light and glory which humanity has long believed in and hoped for rise before the vision of their faith in new brightness as the home of the departed and departing; and may they be drawn into living communion with him who drew young children into his presence and said, "Suffer them to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Amen.

OUR Father who art in heaven! The source of all blessings—the controller of all destinies: to come to thee is our greatest privilege; to feel thy presence in our souls is our highest good. Great and good are thy gifts, but thou art greater and better. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God endureth forever."

Our earthly prospects vary and change, but thou art immutable; the same in wisdom, kindness and love to thy children, in thy willingness to receive those who seek thee, and in thy readiness to bless those who feel their need of thee, and who hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Grant us that while we are called to consider our mortality, we may yet more thoughtfully consider our immortality. Grant us to see in the death of these bodies, a divine purpose, a dispensation of thy wisdom, and a Providence which in every act of apparent destruction but furthers the process of eternal creation. May we see in death but a further continuance of thy benificent work, in the production, the expansion, the enlargement of our life. Amen.

WE thank thee, O God, for that faith in thee which supersedes all anxiety in regard to the locality of our future habitation or the form of our future being. We thank thee that, living or dying, we are in thy hand, and that for us all thou providest our place, being able to devise better for us than we are able to ask; and that, so far as we are right in purpose and pure in heart, we shall dwell with thee. Amen.

WE thank thee, O God, for life, and we thank thee for death; but most of all for the assurance that all death which thou hast appointed is a condition of higher life. While submissively suffering that to die, which in its nature is mortal and must needs die, wilt thou daily quicken us, O God, in the life which is undying and eternal. Amen.

Appendix.

A Memorial Sketch.

[Read before the Western Unitarian Conference at Chicago, May 13, 1891

FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE:—A year ago it was one of our tender privileges to send words of love and fellowship to our brother, Judson Fisher, who was then lying on his bed of pain at his home at Alton, Illinois. Our words reached him just in time to light the dark shadows and to warm his heart once more with the sense of the cheer and fellowship that he himself had given his life so freely to distribute, and then he passed out of sight and beyond. It is fitting then that at this session of the Conference, some word of recognition should be spoken. It is also fitting that that word should be spoken by one who perhaps has had the longest intimacy and the closest relationship with him in his work, of any of the present members of this Conference.

Judson Fisher was born of sterling New England stock at Walpole, among the New Hampshire hills, on the 13th day of November, 1824. His ancestors were of the liberal school in theology. His boyhood training was upon a farm, but he was born to preach. In childhood he played at what in manhood became his commanding work. His instincts for the ministry were matured, not in a theological school, but in the old-fashioned way of tutorship, in the home, study, and work of Rev. S. C. Loveland, a Universalist minister of fine scholarship. In 1849, after some three years of this apprenticeship, Mr. Fisher was, at the age of twenty-five, ordained to the ministry, and began his work at Hartland, Vermont. From thence he went to Marlboro, N. H., and then to Shelburne Falls, Mass., which, after a six years' ministry, he left for another six years' work at Alstead, N. H. At this time, through the encouragement of his friend, Dr. Bellows, and in obedience to his own ever-

broadening sympathies, he joined the Unitarian fellowship and took up the work at Lebanon, N. H. In 1869, with his twenty years of acquired skill and experience, he came west and took up the work with All Souls Church at Janesville, Wis. From thence he went to Whitewater, Wis., then to Monroe, serving with equal joy the Universalist and the Unitarian constituents at these places, always driven on by the weakness of the flesh which could not put him down but would not let go of him.

In 1874 he was elected Secretary of the Wisconsin Unitarian Conference, which office he occupied for four years. To turn over the leaves of the record-book during these years, is to realize how alert, diligent, and sympathetic was his touch, and consecrated his words. During those years the State Conference reached its maximum in the way of a popular missionary agency—a force for mental and spiritual quickening. During his administration the State Conference rallied three and four times a year, held sessions two and three days long, organized summer meetings at Geneva Lake, Devil's Lake, Soldiers' Home in Milwaukee, which gathered hundreds and even thousands of people. Ten sessions were held in the four years. They were sessions which called for and gladly recieved help from the ministers of the adjoining states. They were sessions when there was more faith in the speaking of the word and scattering of the seed than there was anxiety for organization, church building and statistics. Everywhere his touch is felt and seen in these records. His own word always striking high notes. Among topics of his own papers are to be found the following: "All Things Are Yours;" "Sects vs. Sectarianism;" "The True and Perpetual Incarnation;" "The Kingdom of God a Growth;" "What Constitutes the Moral Virtues?" Even here we come upon such notes as "This paper of the Secretary was read by his wife owing to his own illness." Once in a while we find resolutions of sympathy sent to him on his sick bed, and four years after his election, in 1878, we find resolutions of regret over his removal from the state, aris-

ing from his lack of health. From Monroe, Wis., he went to Alton, Ill., where for nine years he labored in a more hospitable climate. Here he awakened a society that had been torpid for years, restored the historic church, built a parsonage, and then laid down the work to take it up again with a more enfeebled frame at Sheffield, Ill. He stayed here long enough to endear himself to men, women and children. It was his tactics to fight the increasing weakness by facing a new field and still harder work, so he went to Cincinnati to inaugurate the new Unity Church there. The story of those months of his ministry in the smoky atmosphere of that city is indeed a story of "strength in weakness;" a story as touching as it is beautiful. At last he came back to enjoy for a very few months the home which he had merited for himself not only through his long years of faithful service, but through the grateful and manly boys who had grown up to help lift the sheltering roof over him.

Brother Fisher had not lost the old beautiful art of letter writing. I have just been looking over the files of letters received from him during the nearly twenty years of our acquaintance. They are marvels of good fellowship, clear judgment, and brotherly frankness. On leaving his work at Sheffield he wrote:

I have received every mark of respect and gratitude that a pastor could desire on parting with his people. I think I leave them full of courage and determination to keep up their service. Not the least of my regret at leaving is to leave the Rock River Circle which I helped to organize. The fellowship has been tender and beautiful.

On the eve of starting for Cincinnati, he says:

O, that I was young again! I have been reading the Life of Agassiz. No book has so taken hold of me for a long time. Let every young man read it and see what life is good for if one has a mind to think himself good for something.

While at Sheffield, speaking of the project of the boys to build a house at Alton, he says:

They propose to make a place of refuge in case I must stop preaching, as indeed ere long I ought to, but the letting go is hard; I do not enjoy it.

Later he writes:

Our home in Alton is ready for us, or will be in a few days. I am anxious to see and try it, yet I do not like to cease work, and will hold on as long as I can. I presume I must stop for vacation, but wish there was something near that I might lay hold of.

After his first trip to Cincinnati, he says:

I felt all right while preaching Sunday, but when I took the cars Monday I found myself contracting a severe cold and was obliged to put myself at night in the doctor's care. I shall be undergoing repairs for a day or two, but will be right again I hope before next Sunday. While writing I fell to meditating, and feel like sending some of the meditations for the benefit of the cause. The consciences of some of our Unitarians and Unitarian societies need tuning up. The sacrifice necessary to be made should not come quite so heavily upon the few and upon the preachers. There is cause of grievance, but so much good is done that we must forget that.

But I must not begin to open up the fountains of memories, or venture to quote from the large pile of letters that are at hand. They are too tender; too personal. They are so vigilant, so kind, so ready to help; to help by criticism as well as by contribution.

The cause of the Western Conference was almost identical with the sources of his life for the last struggling years. He was the one who moved in Wisconsin to change the name of the Conference from that of "Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Churches" to "Unitarian and Other Independent Societies." He anticipated from afar the rising problem of the open fellowship among Unitarians and the struggle that would spring therefrom. He was prepared for it and he did his best to prepare the rest of us for it.

He was among the first to urge the wisdom of lowering the subscription price of UNITY to $1 per annum, that thereby its missionary efficiency might be increased. And the subsequent experience of the editors and publishers have abundantly justified his vision. Never so sick, never so weak was he but that he kept his pencil and scissors near at hand that from his wide readings there might come the quotations and items for UNITY. These clippings and comments—snatches of wisdom, original and selected—came in full envelopes to the

over-busy hand of the senior editor with a regularity which none other of his faithful associates were able to secure.

Mr. Fisher all through his life was a gleaner, but not in any sense a repeater. His sermons, though often enriched with quotations and bits of lore, were always strong, original, bold and devout, and when his frame was so reduced that it was but a poor excuse of a shelter for such a spirit, once in the pulpit there was spirit enough to make round the sentences and sonorous the emphasis.

I am glad that Mrs. Flsher has consented to present us with a little memorial volume consisting of the extracts which it was his wont to glean for the comforting of human souls. I believe that many who love the Western Conference and who revere the name of this man who has not only left his indelible mark upon the Societies at Janesville, Whitewater, and Monroe, in Wisconsin, Alton and Sheffield, in Illinois, Cincinnati, the Wisconsin State Conference and the Rock River Circle, but upon countless lives of men and women, will be glad to find his words, taste and feeling perpetuated in this little volume of "COMFORTINGS," and they will hope that other volumes, still more characteristic, may follow.

A good, brave, modest man, one who out-measured the laborous, zealous, fearless preacher, has gone from us. We miss the faithful friend. Nay! Such a man never goes away from us. He remains. He abides. He increases in a thou sand ways; one of which ways is to inspire in those of who are left, greater courage—nobler fidelity. J. LL. J.

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